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# THE HUNTSMAN'S ECHO.

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**VOL. 1. WOOD RIVER CENTRE, BUFFALO CO., N. T., AUGUST 2, 1860. NO. 12.**

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## Truth.

Truth is noble, frank and free,  
Truth is bold and never fears,  
Truth is old as land or sea—  
Truth hath stood the test of years.

Truth upholds the man of State,  
Truth supports in humble life.  
Truth decides all issues great—  
Drawing the line 'twixt those at strife.

Truth adorns the sprightly youth,  
Likewise those of riper age;  
Men admire the man of truth,  
Though in falsehood they engage.

Truth is best for books or trade,  
Truth will keep the conscience clear;  
Men to court a blooming maid,  
Truth will make you best appear.

"Truth though crushed, shall rise again,"  
Rise, and take an onward course;  
Hope of conquering truth is vain;  
It has such a vast resource.

Truth is mighty, 'twill prevail,  
Truth will spread from shore to shore,  
Truth by Time can never fail—  
'Twill be truth for evermore.

SAN. HOUVERSTON,  
TO THE CARNATION.

BY I. C. HOWARD.

The proud carnation, towering on its stem,  
Peeps from its emerald cap with coy delay,  
Till brightly flowing like an eastern gem,  
It glows and deepens in the sun's warm ray.

Its breath, like sweets of Araby the blest,  
Eight win our praise, were it a homely flower;  
But rich and splendid in its fringed vest,  
As angel that graces Indian grove or bower.

Its slender stems, waved by the zephyr's wing,  
Wide on the air its spicy fragrance throws;  
And gem'd with dew, at morning's early spring,  
Its scent and beauty far outvie the rose.

Empress of flowers, worthy art thou to twine  
The brow of Love, and grace his golden bow;  
For fragrance lingers on that breath of thine,  
When shrunk thy leaves, and faded is thy glow.

**Philosophy of Grumbling!**  
"Ridicule," Voltaire tells us, "is  
the most powerful of all weapons,"  
it slays without giving us a chance of  
murmur." And this "chance to mur-  
mur," here let us observe, is some-  
thing which human nature enjoys too  
much to lose without a double pang  
of anguish. Everybody loves to  
grumble. Englishmen are credited,  
by the adage, with that especial dis-  
position—but it is peculiar to no one  
nation; it is common to humanity.  
And grumbling, allow us to observe,  
is just as necessary to our well-being  
as light. A person always equal  
and contented would be like a cli-  
mate all sunshine and mildness—a  
most monotonous, dull, inactive con-  
dition of a seemingly beautiful existence.  
The most lovely spots in the world  
are visited with storms, and those  
tropical ones in which Nature is most  
energetic and most liberal, are afflic-  
ted with the most frightful exhibitions  
of their character. In like manner, the  
most cheerful heart has its moments  
of despairing grief; the more pro-  
found the disposition, the more pro-  
found are its outbursts of despondency;  
within the quietest of human bosoms  
lie dormant the fiercest passions,  
which, when evoked by circumstances,  
effect the most terrible destruction.  
A man grumbles, just as children cry—  
because it is an impulse he cannot re-  
sist; because his physical condition  
demands it. He grumbles, just as he  
sighs, or yawns, or stretches himself,  
not because he loves to do those things,  
but because his bodily organs, his  
muscles, sinews, tissues, etc., all de-  
mand, at that particular time, that  
particular species of exercise, and with-  
out it would be inconvenienced. To  
deprive him of the power of grumbling  
is equivalent, therefore, to depriving  
him of the ability to perspire; and in  
both cases, that is thrown back into  
the general system which Nature de-  
sires to have removed, and suffering  
is the inevitable consequence.

So much for the material view of  
the subject of grumbling. The men-  
tal view is not at all less interesting.  
Thunder clears the sky of its summer-  
clouds. Grumbling does fully as much  
for the atmosphere of the human mind.  
It removes the accumulated vapors;  
it dissipates the dampening, heavy,  
sombre reaction of days of active  
warmth, and nights of redundant vi-  
vacity. We must repine, or we shall  
never feel, by contrast, the full excite-  
ment of delightful anticipation. We  
must murmur at times, or we shall  
never thoroughly enjoy, for want of  
adequate comparison, the voluptuous  
silence of perfect satisfaction. To de-  
prive us of our "chance to murmur"

## Died Poor.

"It was a sad funeral for me," said  
the speaker: "the saddest one I have  
attended for many years."  
"That of Edmondson?"  
"Yes."  
"How did he die?"  
"Poor—poor as poverty—his life  
was one long struggle with the world,  
and at a disadvantage to him. For-  
tune mocked all the while with golden  
promises, none of which were real-  
ized."  
"He did not succeed?" questioned  
the one who had spoken of his per-  
severance and endurance.  
"No sir; he died as poor as I have  
just said. No living that he ever put  
his hand to ever succeeded. A strange  
fatality seemed to attend every enter-  
prise."  
"I was with him in his last mo-  
ments," said the other, and I thought  
he died rich."  
"No, he left nothing behind," was  
the reply. "The heirs will have no  
concern as to the administration of his  
estate."  
"He left a good name," said one,  
"and that is something."  
"And a legacy of noble deeds done  
in the name of humanity," said a  
third.  
"Lessons of patience in suffering,  
of hope in adversity, of heavenly con-  
fidence when no sunbeams fell upon  
his bewildered path," was the testi-  
mony of another.  
"And high truth, manly courage,  
and heroic fortitude."  
"Then he died rich," was the em-  
phatic declaration. "Richer than the  
millionaire who went to his long home  
on the same day, a miserable pauper  
in all but gold."  
"A sad funeral, did you say? No,  
my friend, it was rather a triumphal  
procession. Not a burial of a human  
clod, but a ceremonial attendant upon  
the translation of an angel. Did  
he not succeed? Why, his whole life  
was a continued scene of successes.—  
In every conflict he came out victor,  
and now the victor's crown is upon his  
brow."

## An English Heroine.

The following account of an English  
young lady who followed her soldier-  
lover to this country, is from an old  
paper:

"Last week, died at Hammersmith,  
in England, Mrs. Ross, celebrated for  
her beauty and her constancy. Having  
met with opposition in her en-  
gagement with Captain Charles Ross,  
she followed him in men's clothes, to  
America, where, after such a research  
and fatigue as scarce any of her sex  
could have undergone, she found him  
in the woods lying for dead, after a  
skirmish with the Indians, and with a  
poisoned wound. Having previously  
studied surgery in England, she, with  
an ardent and vigilance which only  
such a passion could inspire, saved his  
life by sucking his wound, the only  
expedient that could have effected it  
at the crisis he was in, and nursing  
him with scarce a covering from the  
sky for the space of six weeks. Dur-  
ing this time she remained unsuspected  
by him, having dyed her hair with  
lime and bark; and keeping to a re-  
solute, still supported by the report  
of hearing his unceasing aspirations  
of love and regret for that dear though  
(he then thought) distant object of  
his soul, being charged by him with trans-  
mitting to her (had he captain died)  
his remains, and dying observations  
of constancy and gratitude for the un-  
paralleled care and tenderness of his  
nurse, the bearer of them; but, re-  
covering, they removed into Philadel-  
phia, where, as soon as she found a  
clergyman to join her to him for ever,  
she appeared as herself, the priest ac-  
companied her. They lived for the  
space of four years in a fondness all  
most ideal to the present age of cor-  
ruption, and that could only be in-  
terrupted by her declining health—the  
fatigue she had undergone and the  
poison not properly expelled which  
she had imbibed from his wound, un-  
dermining her constitution.

The knowledge he had of it, and  
piercing regret at having been the oc-  
casion, affecting him still more sensi-  
bly, he died with a broken heart. Last  
spring, at John's Town, in New York,  
She lived to return and implore for-  
giveness of her family whom she had  
distressed so long by their ignorance  
of her destiny. She died, in conse-  
quence of her grief and affection, at  
the age of twenty-six."

**A MADMAN'S FREAK.**—A lady was  
one evening sitting in her drawing  
room alone, when the only inmate  
of the house, a brother who had been  
betraying a tendency to un-soundness  
of mind, entered with a carving-knife  
in his hand, and, shutting the door,  
came up to her and said: "Margaret,  
an odd idea has occurred to me. I  
wish to paint the head of John the  
Baptist, and I think yours might make  
an excellent study for it. So, if you  
please, I'll cut off your head." The  
lady looked at her brother's eye, and  
seeing no token of a jest, concluded  
that he meant to do as he said.—  
There was an open window and a bal-  
cony by her side, with a street in front  
but a moment satisfied her that safety  
did not lie that way. So, putting on  
a smiling countenance, she said with  
the greatest apparent cordiality, "That  
is a strange idea, George; but would  
it not be a pity to spoil this pretty new  
lace tippet I have got? I will just  
step to my room and put it off, and  
be with you in half a minute." With-  
out waiting to give him time to con-  
sider, she stepped lightly across the  
floor, and passed out. In another  
moment she was safe in her room,  
whence she easily gave alarm, and re-  
turned when the madman was secured.

## A DOUBLE MISTAKE.

A Washington correspondent tells this story:—  
Gen. Cass was at the National, which  
has been renovated by the new land-  
lord, Guy, late of Baltimore. Curious-  
ly enough, Mr. Guy is a living fac-  
simile of the great "Michigan" and  
they tell a story of a guest at the ho-  
tel, who rather astonished the Senator  
by a demand for a better room.—  
About an hour afterwards, as Gen.  
Cass was leaving the house to go to  
the Senate, up came the man again,  
and this time he commenced his re-  
marks by a familiar slap on the shoul-  
der. "Now, I've got you, Guy," said  
he. "I want you to have me moved  
down a story or two. Confound it,  
I thought I asked you this morn-  
ing, but it turned out to be old Cass  
I was speaking to, and he looked as  
cross as a bear with a sore head."

"Sir," said the Senator, in a stern  
tone, and with a pulverizing glance,  
"you are evidently liable to mistakes  
for you are now talking to Gen. Cass  
a second time. Good morning, sir."

The astonished victim rushed to the  
bar, paid his bill, and moved to Wil-  
lard's without delay.

**ANECDOTE OF SWARTZ.**—Sanerant  
relates the following anecdote of  
Christopher Swartz, a famous Ger-  
man painter, which, if true, redounds  
more to his ingenuity than credit.—  
Having been engaged to paint the  
ceiling of the Town Hall, at Munich,  
by the day—his love of dissipation  
induced him to neglect his work, so that  
the magistrate and overseers of the  
work were frequently obliged to hunt  
him out of the tavern. As he could  
no longer drink in quiet he stuffed an  
stuffed an image of himself, left the  
legs hanging down between the stag-  
ing where he was accustomed to work  
and sent one of his boon companions  
to move the image a little two or three  
times a day and take it away at noon  
and at night. By means of this decep-  
tion, drank without the least dis-  
turbance, a whole fortnight togeth-  
er, the inn-keeper being aware of the  
plot. The officers came round to  
a day to look after him, and see  
the well-known stockings which  
used to wear, suspected nothing  
wrong, and went their way, greatly  
extolling their own convert as the  
most industrious and conscientious  
painter in the world.

**A celebrated engineer** being  
examined at a trial, where both the  
judge and counsel tried in vain to  
brow-beat him, made use in his evi-  
dence of the expression, "the creative  
power of a mechanic," on which the  
judge rather tartly asked him "what  
he meant by 'the creative power of a  
mechanic?'" "Why, my lord," said  
the engineer, "I mean that power  
which enables a man to convert a  
goat's tail into a judge's wig."

**From what small causes great  
effects may come!** An auctioneer's  
hammer is a little thing, yet it is ca-  
pable of knocking down the largest  
house, and breaking up the most ex-  
tensive establishment.

**Jumping.**—Old Lines, of Connecti-  
cut, used to bet with young men, that  
he could jump as far, in the same  
ground and direction, as they. As  
often as he found a novice to accept,  
he would say, "I am decrepit and you  
spry, therefore permit me to choose  
the ground." Certainly. Well the  
ground would be chosen within a foot  
of the house, and he would jump his  
toes against it, and say, "Jump far-  
ther there, and in that direction, if  
you can." Once he was beaten, for,  
happening to choose a spot beneath a  
window, his competitor took out the  
sashes, and jumped into the room.

**The girls at Cohasset** make  
nothing of going into the water and  
bringing out a shark or a mackerel  
by the nose. They live chiefly on  
sea fare, and when they die are pre-  
served half a century. Their hair, in  
their old age, turns into dry sea-weed;  
and, if they have worn caps in their  
old age, the cap is stiff and glistening  
with crystallizations of salt, and, if you  
fall in love with them in their youth,  
you'll find yourself in a pickle.

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**—Gambold  
receives from the Austrian and Ger-  
man newspapers opposed to him;  
titles of "monster in human shape,"  
"Antichrist, bandit, professional en-  
emy, pirate, adventurer, &c.," while  
the papers of Sardinia and the Ro-  
mana call him the "heretic son of  
Italy, the genius of Italy, the redeem-  
er of Italy, and the archangel Gabi-  
el in human shape on earth."

**VIRTUE—OVER THE LEFT.**—Multiplying the  
faults of others, and adding thereto, in order to  
make them equal to our own.